A NEW

ELEGY

Upon the Death of

Mr. Daniel Burgeſs,

The famous Diſſenting TEACHER, who Died at his Houſe in *Boſwel-Court*, on *Monday* the 26th of *January*, 1713, in the 65th Year of his Age.

WHY in Complaints ſhou'd Mortals waſt their Breath,
Since there is nothing certainer than Death?
The Good, the Bad, the Rich, the Poor, muſt go,
Time will not ſtay, nor *Death* no Mercy ſhew;
Burgeſs at length is gone, and now we ſee
He's from the Injuries of thoſe ſet free,
Who Perſecuted him like an Enemy.
The Cauſe unknown, unleſs as Scriptures ſay,
Becauſe he had more Righteouſneſs than they;
So it is ſaid of Old, with Hands moſt rude,
The Saints were treated by the Multitude.
Miſtaken Notions of a giddy Mob,
Who both their *God* and *Church* of Honour Rob;
Whilſt they cry out, Religion and the Laws,
Were baſely acting in a Lawleſs Cauſe;
And Perſecuting him for Innocence,
Who bore a Conſcience void of all Offence.
Who ne'er concern'd himſelf with *High* or *Low*,
But ſtrove the ready Paths of Heav'n to ſhew,
But now he's gone, and ſure they're ſatisfy'd,
Who did his Preachings, and his Life deride.
Gone! Did I ſay? Methinks I ſee him ſtand,
Declaring Truth, with Goſpel in his Hand:
His painful Labours I ſhall here declare,
His great Endeavours which were very rare.
Alſo the Pains he took with pious Breath,
To reſcue Sinners from *Eternal Death*.
Thus he for many Years his Time did ſpend,
Till *Death* did all his great Endeavours End.
His Num'rous Flock he now has left in Grief,
Who from his Holy Preaching found Relief;
His Friends all Weeping he hath left behind.
Oh cruel Death, to them thou'ſt prov'd unkind.
All mourn to ſee the *Pulpit* where h'has been
Stand empty now, and cry it was their Sins
That drew from Heav'n this ſad Diſaſter down,
But he is gone to mount a higher Throne;
Where all his Suff'rings ſhall be made amends,
Nor where rude Vice for precedence contends,
There Piety and Juſtice do take Place,
And ſuch as truely ſerve their God with Grace.
Where no unjuſt Diſtinctions are allow'd,
Only *Good Chriſtians* can approach their God,
Nor *Churchman*, nor *Diſſenters* muſt pretend,
Unleſs of *Holy Life*, to find a Friend.
'Tis not to trumpet their own Praiſes then,
And ſay —*we are more Righteous than other Men.*
The *Soul* will there be ſearch'd by God alone,
To whom the Secrets of all Hearts are known.
But while my Pen is going on to Write,
My Mind ſome other Matter wou'd Indite.
His Character I ſhou'd attempt to raiſe,
But his own Works I leave to ſpeak his Praiſe;
His Mournful Flock, with weeping Voices ſay,
His Work was finiſh'd, and he's ſnatch'd away.

The EPITAPH.

BEneath Interr'd do's Pious Burgeſs *lie,*
Who with great Pains did ſerve his God on high;
Where from rude Enemies he freed is there,
And happily has ended all his Care:
Whilſt his ſad Flock o'er-whelm'd in Tears do cry,
Our Shepherd's gone into Eternity.

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